



MAINE FARMER



"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

TRANSPANTING TREES IN AUTUMN.

We have two seasons during the year, in which we may successfully transplant trees and shrubbery. Both seasons ought to be improved to the utmost extent. The present autumn has thus far been an excellent one for the business, and we trust that what remains of it will also be as propitious, and that you will improve it.

Both the spring and autumn seasons have their advocates, as being the best in which to set out trees. Both are good, but we are inclined to the belief that with us the fall has several advantages over the spring. In the first place, we have more leisure to attend to it, and, therefore, are more likely to do it better than if more hurried. We ought, however, to remember that we should supply a good lot of litter, or mulching, as it is called, around the roots of these trees or shrubs that we set out in the fall. This may be either straw, leaves, muck, or rubbish from the barn-yard. Such an application prevents the frost from heaving the earth and throwing the roots out of their place in the spring.

Mr. Hovey, in the October number of his Magazine of Horticulture, has a very pleasant colloquy, or dialogue, on the best season for transplanting trees, in which he gives autumn the preference for this business.

In the course of the colloquy, he makes use of the following arguments in favor of the position he takes:

"Have you," says he, "ever carefully noted down the changes in the growth of newly planted trees? If not, do so another year. You will find that a tree set out in April will break freely, and start into growth vigorously, but by the time our early rains are over, and dry weather sets in, then they often come to a dead stand—scarcely another shoot will they make all summer. Just at the time the greatest supply of sap is required, the tree is unable to give it, as it has not yet established its sufficient to furnish that supply, consequently the growth stops, and in many instances death ensues."

Now give your attention to those you set out in the fall. You will find they will rarely start in spring, and generally not so vigorously as the spring-planted ones. They come along slowly, but sure—no faster than the roots are made, which have got the start of the shoots—and in July and August will make almost as much wood as an old established tree.

If, again, you look into the subject thoroughly, you will find the roots are at work long before the surface of the soil is loosened from its pithy hold, just as we see an old tree, after one or two hot days in April or May, break at once into leaf. If, however, the frost was not out, the tree would remain stationary. This shows that there is root action long before we see it indicated by the breaking of the buds."

The above observations are valuable, coming, as they do, from one who has great experience in the cultivation of trees, and nursery business generally.

MANURING THE ORCHARD.

In connection with the subject which has just engaged our attention, viz: transplanting young trees in autumn, is another, which, in justice to old trees, we would beg leave to urge upon your attention. It is that of giving your old trees, in the orchard, a good dressing of some kind of fertilizer, to renew their strength and energy, and cause them to put up action another season. The fall is a good time to do this. You cannot expend time, money, and labor in a more useful manner than by taking your man and team and yourself a day or two, and haul and put round each tree, a load or two of barn-yard manure or muck, or, if you do not have either of those to spare, some chip dirt, or loam from the road sides, or leaves, and scrapings of woods or swamps. It will pay. You cannot expect that your trees will supply you, year after year, with fruit, and the soil in which they are placed never become exhausted. If you would have continued heat from the fire, you must add fuel. If you would have continued fruit from your trees, you must add manure to them.

COAL AGAINST SINKERS. Professor Henry, President of the Mechanics' Institute of Washington, says: "It has been proved that, on an average, four ounces of coal are sufficient to draw, on a railroad, one ton a mile. It has also been found on experiment that a man working on a treadmill continually for eight hours, will elevate one and one-half millions of pounds one foot high."

Now good Cornish engines will perform the same work by the expenditure of a pound and a half of coal. It follows from these data that about 5 tons of coal would evolve as much power during its combustion as would be equal to the continued labor of an able bodied man for 20 years, at the rate of eight hours per day; or, in other words, to the average power of a man during the active period of his life."

PRESERVING POTTS. The Agent of the Copers Company, in Vermont, gives it as his experience, that timber which has been saturated with copper, and exposed to all weather for forty years, is perfectly sound and hard, and has become something of the nature of stone. Timber that has been soaked in copper water, will last more than twice as long as that which has not been thus prepared. Copper is 11 cents per pound.

The freestone is a seminary of infinite impurity; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being worn in with the wool of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, at their Annual Exhibition, held at Readfield, Oct. 12th and 13th, 1853.

BY REV. M. M. EATON.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

Man was formed for labor, constant labor, "in the sweat of his face he is to eat his bread." There has never been so perfect a substitute for labor, as to render it unnecessary. Though man may continue "to eat out of the earth," and "to sweat out of his face," by which labor will be rendered comparatively easy, and in all its departments greatly facilitated, still he will have to labor during his earthly pilgrimage.

Without labor the race would ultimately become extinct, for it is by the rewards of industry that we live. So true is this remark, that should all labor be abandoned, and idleness become universal, the entire race would be reduced to the condition of beggars, and the earth would be a barren waste, and the supply of food would be cut off.

The Scriptural injunction is, that "if a man will not work neither shall he eat." This doctrine is highly important, and has proved beneficial in its influence upon man. It has been an effectual spur to many a slave.

While in the enjoyment of health and reason, with the privilege of prosecuting an honorable avocation, as a means of support; we have no right to live upon other men's labors, without rendering an equivalent.

Competition has ever been the reward of industry. No nation has been blessed with prosperity, and enjoyed an enviable reputation, whose citizens were not industrious.

Should a majority of our people abandon labor, and become mere loafers, and speculators, they would bankrupt the nation and curse the world. The present wretched condition of Spain, Mexico, and many portions of South America, is to a great extent the result of idleness; and unless this prevailing cause of human misery can be removed, their condition will "wax worse and worse."

It may be said that "the cause of their wretchedness lies back of this; that it is their Religion, their ignorance, or their system of government." Should it be said that it is their Religion, regarded as the great first cause of their deplorable condition, and should they be all removed as by magic power; they would nevertheless remain a weak, poor and wretched people without industry.

Man cannot be made rich, or even raised from poverty to competency, by the most perfect system of human government, provided he lives in idleness. Though he lives under the most auspicious government, it will still remain true, that "in the morning he must sow his seed, and in the evening with hold not his hand, nor knowing whether shall prosper, this or that, or both alike good."

Idleness alone secures competency and happiness to a people. An educated people without industrial habits, will continue in a state of wretchedness. We have a physical nature, and physical wants, which cannot be supplied by literary and scientific knowledge.

Should a man be authorized to true alone in his Religion, as a source of supply to his temporal wants. Miracles will not be wrought at the present day to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, because they are avowed supporters of religious principles.

St. Paul has advised the true doctrine, and the only one by which a man can be governed, and conscientiously discharge his whole duty; "be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Our Pilgrim fathers fully avowed this apostolic sentiment, and it had so powerful an influence upon them, that they were ever an industrious people, and our Pilgrim motto was not a whit behind them. When this noble company stepped upon the rock of Plymouth, they were fully persuaded that they must "get their bread by the sweat of their brow."

Though rich in virtue, in mental endowment, and to a good extent in education, still they were homeless, and to a great extent destitute of the necessities of life. Before them was a wilderness, rich in natural resources it is true, but it was only by the labor of labor, by economy and perseverance, that they could cause that wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose; and thus add to their virtue and intelligence, the treasures of this world, which would minister to the necessities and comforts of life.

At this very moment they began to lay the foundation of New England's greatness. Had our fathers come to these shores as a pleasure taking people, destitute of habits of industry, or had they come for conquest, inspired with the spirit of English aristocracy, being in no way prepared to do the work, then to guide the plow; had they been unwilling to toil, and ashamed of the honest laborer, New England at the present day would have been anything but a peaceful, wealthy, and happy land. We might not have been a whit in advance of the most degraded State in Mexico. But our fathers were not such people. They were honest, dignified, self-respecting laborers.

They not only possessed the true elements of greatness and goodness, but all the essential pre-requisites of earthly wealth and comfort. Though to human eyes the most unpromising circumstances surrounded them, still, it only remained for them to exert themselves in a proper way, and to a given extent, that they might secure to themselves a competency in life, and open to their posterity, the path to honor and wealth.

We have said that labor has its reward. "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." If honest labor were rewarded, the laborer would become disheartened, and in his own estimation be reduced to the condition of a slave.

time to come. Nor is a man to be honored the more or esteemed the less, on account of his ancestry. When the man intellectually and morally is truly developed, and fixed habits of industry are evidently apparent; it is of little consequence whether the father navigated the ship, held the plow, or not in the annals of nations. Nor are distant dependencies of any consequence, inasmuch as they are not a correct index to a man's value. By these, his real worth cannot be known, for the fool may appear as the gentleman; the clown, the man of sense; and the notorious idler may be abundantly supplied with silver and gold, earned by his diligent father.

In this country, a young man of sound physical constitution, of mutual and moral qualifications and industrial habits, commences life with the real gem of treasure. He needs no lofty titles, rich relations, or artificial supports of any kind, to ensure success. He has already fairly entered the path which leads to honor and wealth, and by a constant and judicious exercise of all his powers, he will overcome every obstacle which may present itself in his pathway, and ultimately enjoy the luxury of being an intelligent and independent man.

Idleness is a sin, and lasting disgrace to any man, but more especially to an American—to one who is so abundantly protected by the wholesome laws of his country—who has motives of encouragement everywhere presented to his mind, who knows without the shadow of a doubt, that he will not labor in vain, or spend his strength for nothing.

Idleness will make a rich man poor. Unearned treasure, that which comes by will or donation, if by personal effort, is too generally unappreciated, and rarely descends to the third generation. The hard earned wealth of the father, is too often squandered by the prodigal son. But if idleness were attended with no other evil consequences than waste and want, it would not be so intolerable. We regret that we are under the necessity of saying, that idleness, profligacy, dishonesty, and various other disgraceful practices follow in its train.

Much of the roidism which is manifested upon public occasions, is confined to this class of men, and they fail not to exhibit in their lives, the terrible depravity of their hearts; while those who are regularly engaged in honest calling, and the practical and unassuming friends of law and order, and contribute to the peace and happiness of the society.

We again affirm, that if a man would prosper he must labor! We do not contend that he must toil every waking hour, and in his eagerness for the reward he would reduce himself to the condition of a slave; certainly not. He needs time for rest, for intellectual and religious improvement, and social and domestic enjoyment.

Nor in laboring with his hands, is a man to feel that he acts on the law of necessity. It is very true, as we have already remarked, that there is a necessity for labor, but man should obey the mandate from deliberate choice, like a free and independent man. He should choose labor because it is right, and give a practical demonstration of his sincerity and integrity, and not only for his own good, but for the benefit of all those over whom he may exert an influence.

There is no class of men to whom these remarks will more fully apply, than to the farmer. Many have entertained the idea that the only qualification for a farmer, is physical strength. This is a grand mistake; nor is the exercise of his physical ability his whole duty. Such a man may be a tiller of the soil, but he cannot be styled an enterprising farmer. He may plow and sow, and reap, and by the sweat of his brow succeed in providing for himself the means of physical subsistence. Such a man does not calculate upon improvement; he does not seek for useful knowledge which may be reduced to practical purposes. What he can accomplish in his own way, and as he goes along, is his aim.

The intelligent farmer being in reality the most independent man in the world, should cultivate a sense of independence and self-respect. I do not mean by this remark, that he should be aristocratic in spirit, and forget that we have common origin, or oppressive in his business transactions, and thus make himself an object of hatred. But I do not contend that he has a right to entertain the idea, that the world is dependent upon him, or that he is the father of the nation, and should be ready to meet his fellow men in all the pursuits of life on a common level, and at a known extent between two extremes of opinion. More than this the independent farmer cannot do, and maintain a proper respect for his calling, further than this he cannot go with safety to himself.

The agriculturalist is not for a moment to admit, that his avocation places him in a less elevated and honorable position, than that attained by his neighbors in other pursuits in life. The avocation of the farmer should be regarded as honorable, inasmuch as it is as ancient as the race.

The patriarchs were tillers of the soil, and extensive owners of flocks and herds; and certainly a man should not lose his sense of independence and self-respect, on account of his avocation, when it was the first business of man, and successfully prosecuted by patriarchs and ancient seers. The farmer should be independent in forming his plans of operation. This characteristic trait of an enterprising man, should develop itself not only in the discharge of life's responsible duties, but in those things which are of minor importance.

Man will cry "to here, and to there!" but let the farmer stop and think for himself. Some let their reckless haste, disregarding all consequences may hold you up to ridicule, because you do not practice upon every new plan, suggested by the Yankee speculators of the age; while the man who is opposed to self-improvement will regard you as a dangerous example, if you step out of the beaten track of your fathers.

You cannot safely heed the cry on either hand. But as an independent man—a man responsible for the sentiments which you avow, and the practices in which you indulge, you will have to make the examination for yourself, and form an opinion as to your duty, independent of those who are more willing to give than to receive instruction.

It will be for you to be independent of the fashions of the world; the young farmer especially should receive this caution. We would earnestly advise him never to strive to keep pace with the fashions of the world, because the rich do it, for by so doing you will increase their riches and your poverty. Follow the fashions of the world, only for as your interests, and the interests of the community demand.

The fashions of the world, however closely followed, will confer upon you, neither wisdom, honor, or wealth. You will find it much to your advantage to be independent enough to sleep, or refuse any proposition, regardless of the counsel and earnest entreaties of others.

There is no danger of selfishness, than disinterested benevolence in this world; and those who follow you into the vortex of fashion, are striving to promote their own selfish ends, independent of your welfare. Remember the old adage, "It is not all gold that glitters."

A correct line of independence, properly cultivated, has more to do with a man's posterity in this world, than many imagine. You rarely find a wealthy farmer, who is not an independent man. Independent I mean in principle, and especially in the particulars above specified. And why should he not be in principle and spirit, what his avocation when well followed has been aptly designated the manufacture of a *pro* article.

The true avocation of the farmer, is in no wise conflict with the interests of any other class of men. If he designs to enrich himself, he does not draw from the limited resources of his fellow men; such is his avocation, that he does not necessarily impoverish others to enrich himself.

When he would add to his earthly treasure, he draws from the boundless resources of wealth, concealed in the bosom of *mother earth*. She has a treasure for the farmer of such a nature, and so vast in extent, that, "giving does not impoverish her, and withholding she is not enriched."

With such boundless resources of wealth at his command, all the farmer has to do is to follow his avocation faithfully, trusting in that being who has promised both "seed, time, and harvest." By so doing, he will make his avocation respected by the great mass of the community, who are dependent upon him for the "bread that perisheth," and realize a fulfillment of the words of Solomon, that "the diligent hand maketh rich."

That the farmer may be eminently successful in his business, he should possess that amount of education which will constitute him a theoretical and practical agriculturist. He should be educated in his particular business—the amount of knowledge which he should possess, is not within our province to determine.

Not having enjoyed the advantages of an agricultural school, the farmers of Maine have to avail themselves of any and every source of information that comes within their reach.

The farmer should certainly understand the best mode of conducting his farm, and especially with reference to the kinds of manures best adapted to particular soils. He should understand the conducting his farm as the physician does his patient, and be able to supply to any soil that which is lacking. A practice of this kind will keep his farm in a healthy state; and then if he manifests the same wisdom, in selecting seeds well adapted to his soil, he certainly will have performed a most important duty on correct principles; and then if under adverse circumstances, "he sows in tears," in time of harvest, "he will reap for joy."

Such knowledge is indispensably necessary, and its deficiency cannot be sufficiently atoned for, by an increased application of physical strength.

The time was, when the man who had the greatest number of acres of land enclosed under the title of a "field," was regarded as the best and most prosperous farmer. Now is the practice of this avocation, fields poorly cultivated, entirely given up. Judging from the course which some men pursue at the present day, we should conclude that if they had a warrant deed of the whole world for a field, they would even then wait the moon for a *sheep pasture*.

Such men will never make good practical farmers. He who would not live but thrive by this avocation, will find it greatly to his advantage to cultivate less land, but upon more scientific principles. If the farmer would be successful in his agricultural pursuits, it is highly important that he do everything at the right time.

Some men are notorious in being a little too late in performing every duty. They are late in rising in the morning, and in retiring at night. They are late at their meals three times a day. Their corn is injured by the drouth, and perhaps the crop is nearly ruined, because it was planted and hoed a little too late. For the same reason the potato crop is injured in the other to balance it, and the wheat is injured because it was not sown in season. The heavy rains in August do great injury to the mown grass, because the work of haying was not commenced early enough in July.

The farmer is kept at the mill an hour or two in the busy season of the year, when he is needed in the hay field, because he was a little too late, and his neighbors who are a little earlier, are before him. Farming utensils are injured because they were left exposed a little too long; and valuable cargoes by neglect and exposure, "do not live out half their days."

He makes a poor trade, because he did not trade at the right time. He was a little too late, and now he has to take less for what he sells, and give more for what he purchases.

Though experience is a good school-master, still there are men who pay heavy lessons annually during life, and learn but little. It is amusing indeed, to see how some men are a little too late about every thing; and their tardiness keeps them always in a hurry; while the man who commences every thing at the proper time, acts deliberately and promptly, and what he does is the best, because by this economy in time and space, he is able to do more in less time, and with less expense.

Many people regard themselves as very unfortunate, the cause of it they can hardly tell, unless they were born the wrong day of the week, or under some unlucky planet, and though they toil hard and hurry through life, they obtain but little. Such persons charge all the blame of their misfortune, upon the stars, and in fact, it is the result of their own tardiness.

I do not mean to say that there is not a *divine providence*, but when a man neglects his business, or is a little in arrears about every thing, and thereby sustains a loss, the fault is his own. But he who adopts as a maxim, "never delay until to-morrow," what should be done to-day; will always be able to drive his business, and not let his business drive him.

Nor should the farmer's wife be so ignorant of the duties of the dairy, as not to be able to manufacture butter and cheese, and to do it in such a manner that her works will praise her.

It is to be regretted that some of the wives of our farmers are so unskilled in the manufacture of butter, that they rob the wife of the butter-milk which of right belongs to them, and in mixing it with the butter, spoil it for the market.

This not only indicates a want of skill and ability, but it is bad economy, inasmuch as it reduces the value and price of the article, and injures the sale of a *home* article, which is brought into the market.

There is no reason why Maine should not be celebrated for good butter and cheese, as for her fine sheep.

Why is it that other States outstrip us in the manufacture of butter and cheese? Many answers have been given to this question, but generally they have been based upon the manufacture of a *pro* article. The true answer evidently is, that there is not attention enough given to this branch of industry.

We arrive at this conclusion from the fact, that some of the mothers and daughters in our State send into the market, and especially to the Fair, as good an article of butter as can be produced by Massachusetts or New York.

Let all do the same, and the character of Maine as a farming State would be greatly elevated; and people of good "taste" would as highly esteem her for her butter and cheese as for her far-famed liquor law.

I would by no means speak disparagingly of the butter of this State, for in many respects they surpass those in any other State in the Union. But praise unaccompanied with blame, where there are defects as well as virtues, should never be liberally bestowed, inasmuch as it fosters pride and self-sufficiency, and does not remedy the defects which are so apparent.

We now say, let no young lady aspire to be the wife of an independent farmer—to be the mistress of his cottage, and a sharer in all his joys—who is unwilling to labor, or who has a horror of the churn, the cheese-press, or the wash-tub, or who is unwilling to perform or aid in performing service which legitimately presents itself in the rounds of domestic duty.

There are those, we regret to say, who look upon the farmer as a vulgar, ignorant, and uneducated man, who, with good in hand, drives his valuable team upon his own farm, and in whose heart reigns the true spirit of independence; and at the same time they will bow with a smile to the leading boy, because, perchance, he walks the street in broadcloth and wears, talks fluently with the ladies, is interested in the yellow covered literature of the day, and all the other accomplishments of French and Latin. Such persons furnish the most conclusive evidence that they are destitute of good common sense, or exceedingly deficient in education.

Such daughters do not possess the requisite qualifications for wives for our enterprising young farmers. If they ever escape "single blessedness," and are favored with domestic happiness and joy, it should be in connection with those who have other pursuits in life as sources of revenue.

Many there are who speak of the farmer's home as a dreary, gloomy, and uninviting place, and the home of the farmer as a place of poverty, and the farmer as a man of poverty, or even the speculator.

The farmer's home is to be plain, so simple, and as some will have it, so old-fashioned, that it is not adjusted to the fashionable taste of the present day, but belongs to some former generation. Many regard it as that retired and lonely place, where labor and sleep, eating and drinking, constitute the business of the family.

So far as this opinion exists, the home of the farmer is made the object of the youth, and they choose to be in the city, its fashionable circles, its vanity and pomp, as being far preferable to a home upon the farm.

Many who are unacquainted with our agricultural communities, regard the farm house as the place where ignorance reigns, and where a love of the beautiful cannot dwell.

This view of the subject is not only far from the truth, but is actually the result of ignorance. They are late at their meals three times a day. Their corn is injured by the drouth, and perhaps the crop is nearly ruined, because it was planted and hoed a little too late. For the same reason the potato crop is injured in the other to balance it, and the wheat is injured because it was not sown in season. The heavy rains in August do great injury to the mown grass, because the work of haying was not commenced early enough in July.

happy. His grain ripens, his oxen graze in quiet until they invite a purchaser; his swine fatten, regardless of commercial embarrassment or political strife; the business of the dairy is conducted with the same economy, ease and perseverance. These are his unalloyed sources of revenue, contributing to the plenty, and quiet of a farmer's life.

The state of the market at home and abroad, may seriously affect the manufacturer, and embarrass him in his business. When there is a small demand for the article which he produces, he sustains a loss on stock purchased under more flattering circumstances.

A change of this kind, however, is not so serious to the farmer, as it is to the manufacturer, because the farmer, being a source of mortification to his family, and seriously affected a multitude of operatives who were dependent upon their daily avocation for their daily bread.

It is not thus with the farmer's home. Let change succeed to change, and business men become embarrassed on every hand, still he is happy. His corn ripens, his garden flourishes, and mother earth bountifully rewards him for all his toil.

There are times when the speculator considers himself one of "fortune's favorites." For every dollar invested he expects two in return. Fair visions of the future increase his mental activity, and give good buoyancy to his spirits. He will not sow and plant—this is degrading to a gentleman! but he will "buy up" the corn and flour of the country, and hold it with an iron grasp, until the prices of the poor come down upon him like the locusts upon Egypt.

Now the God of the poor sends relief by mother earth! The spell is broken! The price of breadstuffs falls, and loss ensues! Poor speculator! he was at the very door of the kingdom of wealth! He thought he should have the good of this world invite him in, that he might sit down in perpetual luxury and ease! But alas! How changed! He oppressed too long, and now he is in ruins! Peace and quiet sit not at his table, nor do they attend him in his daily walks, or watch around him in his night slumbers.

Not so with the farmer. He is beyond the reach of the speculator, and of the changes incident to his business. He is not only a consumer but a producer! What if the price of corn and flour, of butter, cheese and pork, is advanced by the speculator, the farmer asks no favor at his hands. He has these articles at his command, and can sit down with his family, surrounded with life's comforts, and enjoy the peace and comfort of domestic life. Other avocations are not only useful, but indispensably necessary, and may be attended with a good degree of happiness, but there is none equal to the avocation of the farmer.

With great truthfulness may the farmer say:—
"I envy not the miser—
May still his treasures lie;
May hoards on hoards around him see,
And toil and sigh for more;
I'd scorn his narrow, worldly soul,
Ravenous and unjust;
Nor bow beneath the base control
Of empty, gilded dust."

My wants are few, and well supplied
By my productive fields;
I count no treasure but the honest gains,
And thank my heaven for them;
Save what contentment yields,
More pure enjoyment life gives,
Than wealth or care can bring—
And he is happier who lives
A farmer, than a king!"

This opinion is rapidly gaining ground, and all classes of community are entertaining more favorable views of agriculture than in former years. It is now very generally acknowledged by men of intelligence, that agriculture lays the very foundation of every other department of useful labor. It is an extensively admitted truth, that we are rich in resources as a nation, only as we are rich in agriculture.

We may dig gold from the almost exhausted mines of California, and thus strive to heap up earth's treasures in abundance, but it is all to no purpose, unless we have the means of converting them into cash, and thus into the necessities of life. In that State of immense mineral wealth, many have suffered both pain and death from cold and hunger, while they had heaps of gold around them, and shining dust in abundance beneath their feet. The direct tendency of this enterprise, which has drawn so many from their farms and shops, is to make the nation and corrupt the heart; and though there are honorable exceptions to this remark, still they do not do the truthfulness of the rule.

Nor can the manufacturer and mechanic, in the possession of their valuable avocation, supply themselves with the substantial life independent of the farmer. All classes of men in the various conditions in life are daily reminded of their dependence upon him.

Should this important interest be neglected as in Spain or Mexico, every department of labor in this country would suffer loss.

This is the great wheel which, in the wonderful and complex machinery of human labor, keeps all the lesser in motion, and renders every department of industry useful to man.

Let the wealthy merchant, the rich banker, and extensive ship-owner, in our commercial towns and cities, reflect but for a moment that both the necessities and luxuries of life are furnished them by the industrious farmer, and that upon him they will have to depend for these blessings in the future, and such a reflection will not only prove a serious check to their pride, but most effectually overthrow their avarice. They will begin to feel that with all their earthly riches, they are by no means better than other men—that with all their boasted independence, they are actually dependent upon the farmer.

It is an undeniable truth, that, agreeably to a wise providential arrangement, the farmer feeds the world as the parent does the child; and in return for the duties of his high office he receives silver and gold, which to him are of essential value in the various emergencies of life, especially in making those improvements in agriculture which are necessary attended with much expense in the onset, but which promise an hundred fold reward in the future.

Every article thus made by the farmer, the peasant, the laborer, and the mechanic, is a valuable investment, and consequently he becomes prepared to supply the increasing demands of the world. He can scarcely be sufficiently impressed with the idea that agriculture is an incomparable and unrivaled source of wealth and comfort to the world, for which, in the very nature of things, no substitute can be introduced.

The agricultural department of labor can be greatly improved in its mode of operation; and in proportion to the increase of science and the general diffusion of knowledge, it will unquestionably continue to advance, until brought to a state of comparative perfection.

The coming generation will look upon the farming operations of the present as we do upon the past, and as we predict improvement, and act accordingly, so will they, and thus the work will go on, through generation after generation, until the end of time.

As agriculture was the first great business of man, so will it be the last. And when the sword and spear shall no more be used as instruments of conquest and death, the one "shall be beaten into a plow-share," and the other "into a pruning-hook."

What is still more pleasing and interesting with regard to agriculture, is the fact that it cannot be so improved, or so extended in its operations, as to conflict with any of our commercial, mechanical, or manufacturing interests. Improvement and extension here, is improvement and extension at the fountain head of all industry, and the influence is felt in every department of labor.

Hence, when an act or resolve is passed by a State Legislature, for the benefit of the farmer, every man of intelligence and discretion, whatever be his profession or pursuit in life, rejoices in it. They do this from the consideration that what is done for the farmer directly, is done indirectly for them through the farmer, who under God, is the world's benefactor. Does not this fact demonstrate most conclusively, that the interests of agriculture are not sectional, but national? Not for one class, but for all classes; and thus the farmer, by general consent occupies the most elevated and useful position, of any class of avocations in the community, and by becoming the friend of all eyes, inasmuch as he is the staff on which the world leans for support.

The time was, when men of education scorned the idea of laboring upon a farm. They were willing to appear in the halls of legislation, as the professed representatives of the yeomanry of their town or county. Or at the bar as attorneys or counsellors in any case of litigation.

Or in the pulpit, as the supporters and defenders of the christian religion. These they regarded as honorable positions! So they were, and it is a pity that men who despised manual labor, should have ever found their way to these stations. Men who were ashamed to till the soil, whose delicate hands could not handle the shovel and hoe, or the scythe, men whose feminine fingers could not be employed in removing weeds from the garden.

But how changed! Those erroneous opinions have nearly passed away from New England. Now, a man can be a good practical farmer, and at the same time a legislator, a minister, a lawyer or a physician. Nor is it regarded as any disparagement to a man in New England, to be an agriculturist, though he may be an eminent member of one of the learned professions.

If a man has extensive knowledge of the arts and sciences, of language and literature, this will only constitute him the more useful and practical farmer. At the present day, our farmers are not those stupid dunces which many suppose them to be. Few men among us think more correctly and consecutively, and few indeed, reason more soundly upon subjects of practical utility.

No class of men in our State is so largely represented in our State Legislature, and few serve in the councils of the State with greater acceptability. If we are justified in attaching so much importance to agricultural pursuits, then we may conclude that it is eminently important, that parents so far as practicable, educate their children to habits of industry upon a farm.

By so doing they will essentially benefit their child, and make them far more happy and useful than they possibly could be, if allowed to grow up in idleness, or even confined to manufacturing or mechanical pursuits, where they are separated from the air and sun, and compelled to inhale it in a heated and pure state, which in a multitude of instances has aggravated disease, and carried great numbers of our youth to an untimely grave.

There is no more reason why parents should deprive their children of an abundance of pure air, than that Noah should have deprived his family of beautiful supply of water.

The greatest men in our country, and especially the most eminent and renowned statesmen, were educated to habits of industry upon the farm. We might name Webster, Cass, and Woodbury—sons of New England, whose names are as familiar to the country as household words. In early childhood they inhaled the mountain air of New Hampshire, and cultivated her soil; and when in subsequent years they sat in the councils of State and Nation, their voices were heard in behalf of the interests of agriculture.

AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

THE GREAT HORSE EXHIBITION.

On the 19th ult. commenced one of the most unique and splendid exhibitions that has ever been held in the United States, or, probably, in any other country.

It was a grand exhibition of horses. As we were desirous of being present at so interesting a display of this useful and valuable animal, we took a seat in the cars at Winthrop, and in due time, in company with our friend Sanford Howard, of the Boston Cultivator, whom we met in Boston, found ourselves in the beautiful city of Springfield, on one of the loveliest October days that ever seen. We were very cordially and politely received by the corresponding secretary of the association, and other officers, to whom we are much indebted for attentions and civilities shown us during our stay.

The idea of a national exhibition in which horses should be solely and exclusively shown, first originated with George M. Atwater, Esq., of Springfield. He proposed it to the Hampden County Agricultural Society, but they looked upon the plan and sphere of its action as being rather beyond their jurisdiction; a committee was however appointed by them to discuss the proposition, and to mature something decisive in regard to it. This committee finally adopted the plan of a stock association, which was to establish a stock fund of 250 shares, at twenty dollars per share, by which a sufficient amount of money should be raised, to guarantee the payment of premiums and incidental expenses. This arrangement which, through the zeal, labor, and assiduity of the committee, went forward prosperously, was afterwards confined to the fostering care and patronage of the United States Agricultural Society. This at once gave it a nationality of character, which, under the liberal arrangements which were adopted, threw it open "to all the world, and the rest of mankind."

To give it a further touch of nationality, the executive committee, through the politeness of Col. Ripley, superintendent of the United States Army, in Springfield, procured the use of the spacious ground belonging to the United States, for the field of the exhibition. A more convenient and appropriate place could not be found. It contained 22 acres of smooth level area, which was enclosed with a high fence. There were also fitted up 200 stalls for the horses, with a circular trotting course on one side of which were elevated seats of sufficient capacity to contain three or four thousand spectators; an elevated stand for the judges, tents, &c., for the various purposes of the exhibition.

In addition to this, in the area, was Wright's Mammoth tent, in which, on the afternoon of the third day, was held the first grand national agricultural banquet, in which nearly two thousand persons assembled together, to enjoy the feast, and hear the speeches, and the reports of the committees.

Every thing was arranged with admirable system, and everything passed off in a most harmonious and orderly manner, thanks to the industry and fidelity of the indefatigable persons who composed the board of officers and committees of the association, every one of whom put his whole soul and strength to the work, each laboring with unwearying zeal and alacrity in his prescribed department.

Providence too smiled most benignly upon the enterprise. The sun arose each day with just enough of that soft rich dreamy haze of the Indian summer about him, to make his light and his heat gentle and luxurious, while the winds were hushed down to the key of bland and quiet zephyrs. Not a cloud obscured the sun by day, nor the moon by night, while both by turns poured forth the full measure of that glorious mellow autumnal light, oftentimes so peculiarly soothing, during the waning days of an October in New England.

In the meantime a tide of people came pouring along from every point of the compass, and by every possible means of conveyance into Springfield, until the city was filled beyond its possible power to accommodate them.

The Editor of the Springfield Republican, gives the following graphic description of appearances about him, during the day before the exhibition:

"The DAY BEFORE THE EXHIBITION. Tuesday was a beautiful day, and full of promise for fair weather for the exhibition. There was a bright sun overhead, and the faint blue haze of the Indian Summer in the atmosphere. Fine horses, in dainty gait, appeared here and there in the streets, or were led on their way to the stalls on the exhibition grounds. Strangers gathered in from a distance, and took the places hospitably for them in the hotels. The officers' rooms of the exhibition were thronged by committees and interested strangers. The room occupied by editors and reporters was busy with flying pens, jotting down the occurrences of the day, and the prospects of the morrow, to send to their papers by the evening trains.

The exhibition grounds presented a lively scene all day. The track was not clear for a moment. Carriage loads of ladies and gentlemen took a turn or two around the track, and a look at the arrangements, and departed. Men with fast horses tried the mettle of their animals to their satisfaction, and fifty scrub races, more or less, occurred during the day. Many of these races were quite exciting, and as they were spontaneous, and unattended with betting, they were enjoyed by the by no means inconsiderable crowd present. The grounds themselves presented a beautiful appearance. The mammoth tent in the centre, flags waving from various points; horses bled, and horses followed by skeleton chairs and buggies, coursing gaily around the track, groups collected around favorite horses, scanning their merits and listening to the praises of the enthusiastic groomers or owners—all formed a scene of the most beautiful, unique, and inspiring character."

At 10 o'clock on the morning of the first day, the ringing of the bell announced the opening of the exhibition. The chief marshal (Geo. Dwight, Esq.) addressing the President, Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, proclaimed the consummation of the arrangements, and that all was now ready for the commencement of the display so long anticipated. Mr. Wilder responded, congratulating, in his usual happy manner, all who had labored so zealously in bringing about this event, on the happy auspices with which the exhibition was about to commence. The several classes of horses they were then called for, to take their places, which they did as follows:

1. Stallions of 7 years old and over.
2. Stallions from 4 to 7 years old.
3. Thorough-bred Stallions.
4. All Stallions of 4 years old and under.
5. Matched Horses.
6. Fancy Horses.

7. Geldings.
 8. Breeding mares.
 9. Breeding mares with foal at side.
 10. Ponies.
 11. All horses entered for exhibition or sale.
 12. Farm or team horses.
- There were nearly 500 horses in all. They formed a ring half a mile in circumference, and when all were duly placed in their stations, the President called for three cheers for the first national horse exhibition in the world. Such a shout as then went up from the assembled multitude, you never heard before.

The horses were now put in motion, passing around the course twice with gentle pace. After this they were left at liberty, each to "gang his own gait" as the Scotchman would say, when there commenced a scene of "gaieties and gravities" which baffles description.

It was a rare and an interesting sight to look as it were, with one sweep of the eye, upon so many of the best horses from the northern States, and the Canadas. You could there stand and inspect the several breeds and varieties of the horse, all in array before you, from the little pocket Tom Thumb pony, up, through all gradations, to the Leviathans of the Clydesdales, weighing from 1700 to 2000 lbs. All sorts, sizes, shapes, and colors were passing in review before you. The little dumpy pony, the long-bony, lean, but muscular race horse, the snug, compact energetic Morgan, and his equally compact but a little taller cousin, the Black Hawk, of beautiful action, the strong, well proportioned, powerful Messengers, and the symmetrical but massive and sedate Clydesdales, all moving along together, like one grand, living panorama.

It left an impression upon the mind, of the beauty, excellence and utility of this noble servant to man, that can never be effaced. Although there was some fast driving, and some contests of speed, every thing was conducted with the utmost decorum, no bawling, nor swearing, nor rowdiness whatever, was seen or heard upon the grounds.

At 12 o'clock the bell was struck again, and the Marshal called the competitors for the premiums on draft horses.

The committee on this class of horses, consisted of Rev. Mr. Sewall of Boston, Henry Fuller, Jr. of Springfield, Thomas Hancock of Burlington, New Jersey, Henry A. Dyer of Brooklyn, Ct., and George P. Delaplanche of Madison, Wisconsin. The entries of horses in this class were few. They were as follows:

No. 1. Jack and Tom, seven years old, raised in Western Massachusetts, owned by H. J. Chapin of Springfield.

No. 2. Charley and Bill, 10 and 8 years old, gray native bred, weigh 1,250 lbs each, 154 hands high, raised in Hampden County and owned by E. Trask of Springfield.

No. 3. Charley and Jim, 5 years old, Morgan bred, weigh together 2,310 lbs, 154 hands high, raised in Cortland Co., N. Y., and owned by George W. Goodrich of Pittsfield.

No. 4. Major and Colonel, 4 years old, Messager bred, weigh 2,400 lbs together, 16 hands high, raised in Saratoga Co., N. Y., and owned by C. Fonda of Clifton Park, N. Y.

No. 5. Single teams. Young Quebec, 6 years old, weighs 1,500 lbs, and is owned by E. & E. A. Rice of West Meriden, Ct.

These were put upon trial with a wagon loaded with pig iron. The committee subsequently reported their award of premiums as follows:

Pairs of Horses.—First premium of \$50 to C. Fonda of Clifton Park, N. Y. No. 4.

Second premium of \$25 to H. J. Chapin of Springfield, No. 1.

Third premium of \$20 to E. Trask of Springfield, No. 2.

Single Horses. First premium of \$25 (not awarded).

Second premium of \$20 to E. & E. A. Rice of West Meriden, Ct., the only entry.

At 2 o'clock the bell again struck, and the Marshal called the competitors for premiums for breeding mares. There were fifty-six entries in this class. Some excellent animals were brought forward and some that were ordinary.

The committee on this class, were B. V. French of Braintree, Mass., W. H. Ladd of Richmond, Ohio, Martin Gowdy of Martinsburg, N. Y., Wm. Pynchon of Springfield, and Thomas Motley, Jr., of Jamaica Plains, (Roanoke) Mass.

They subsequently awarded their premiums as follows:

First premium of \$100 to Charles W. Sherman of Vergennes, Vt., No. 17.

Second premium of \$50 to J. T. DeWolf of Bristol, R. I., No. 18.

Third premium of \$25 to Geo. A. Ribbe of Springfield, No. 24.

Fourth premium of \$20 to Amos Felch of Limerick, Me., No. 28.

Diplomas were awarded to Otto Learned, of Oxford, Mass., No. 43; Francis Wilson of Hingham, No. 14; William Beardsley of Albany, No. 40; Orrin How of Hardwick, Mass., No. 35; Stillman French of Keene, N. H., No. 15; Henry Alexander, Jr. of Springfield, No. 8; Philip Bacon of Simsbury, Ct., No. 32; Geo. M. Atwater of Springfield, No. 1; Benj. Pease of Warehouse-Point, Ct., No. 2; F. Stiles, Jr. of Clappville, Mass., No. 10.

Breeding Mares with Foal by side. First premium of \$100 to E. P. Walton of Montpelier, Vt., No. 1.

Second Premium of \$50 to Judson Nichols of Flushing, N. Y., No. 5.

Third premium of \$20 to Robert Pomeroy of Pittsfield, Mass., No. 9.

Diplomas were awarded to George Sweetland of Springfield, Mass., No. 6; B. W. Hamilton of West Hartford, Ct., No. 7; Robert Tucker of Ware, No. 4.

This closed the operations of the first day, and at sunset the people retired from the field, much gratified with the proceedings thus far, and looking forward to the morrow with pleasing anticipations of further enjoyment.

We must defer further account of the proceedings to our next.

FIRST SNOW STORM OF THE SEASON. We have heard of snow all around us, away up in Vermont, away down South at Baltimore, away over in West New York, but none of it came near us in Kennebec, until last Sunday morning, when there fell about two inches. The weather previous had been very mild and pleasant, and the ground had not been frozen any. The weather has since cooled down a peg or two, and the snow still continued in the fields, when we went to press, with a prospect for more.

CATTLE SHOWS AND FAIRS. We shall publish, at our earliest convenience, a synopsis of the reports of the Committees of the South Kennebec, West Oxford and West Lincoln Agricultural Societies. The Address on the outside of this week's paper, has crowded out several reports, and other agricultural matter.

SUNDAY FRUITS. We have received divers specimens of apples, and garden roots, which we shall notice in our next.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MONTHLIES. The monthlies for November have been received, and offer to their readers a choice collection of original and selected articles. We notice first,

Harper's Magazine. The leading article is entitled "A visit to the land of the cocoa and palm," with appropriate illustrations, and is a very interesting account of a visit to Rio Janeiro. We also notice papers on "Sugar, and the sugar region of Louisiana," illustrated, "The shooting in Louisiana," the continuation of Abbott's Napoleon, the commencement of a new novel, "The Newcomers," by Thackeray, and other interesting articles. This number concludes the volume. It is a good work and well patronized.

Putnam's Monthly. The contents of this number are very good. "A Moosehead Journal" possesses a peculiar interest for all Maine readers. "Cassiterology" is a humorous article upon that very convenient and necessary article, money. We notice also a criticism on Collier's emendations of Shakespeare, and a very able article upon the Pacific Railroad. Besides these there are many other interesting papers. Putnam's Monthly is steadily growing in the good graces of the public, and most deservedly so. It has demonstrated, in a most effectual manner, the fact that American literature is as high and as pure as that of any other country, and it stands far in advance of any other similar work.

Kriegerbocker Magazine. Old Nick always presents a rich intellectual treat to his readers, and the number before us is no exception to the rule. We always find the material for a hearty laugh when we turn to the Editor's Table, and the communications are interesting and entertaining. A most welcome visit to many a freddie, may it never be in want of readers,—as it never will, while it holds its present course.

National Magazine. The article on "The treason of Arnold," will be found an interesting history of one of the most important events of the Revolution. "The Navy Yard, Brooklyn," is a description of that place, very interesting. Both of the above articles are handsomely illustrated. The other papers are good, and show a refined literary taste in the editor. This work is handsomely printed, and a valuable monthly for any family. Terms \$2 per annum; Carlton & Phillips, N. Y., publishers.

Dickens' Household Words. Among the numerous works of the present day, we know of no one that combines so much of the useful and entertaining as this. Dickens' writings are too well known and too generally read to need any praise from us. The reprint of the Household Words is issued by McElrath & Barker, 17 Spruce St., N. Y., and is sent by mail at \$2 a year.

VEGETABLES—CURIOSITIES.

During the last week we had several contributions to the vegetable department, first and foremost among which is a monster English turnip, from Mr. John Sawtelle, of Sidney, which gets 33 inches and weighs 11 pounds. It is considerably larger of a turnip, and not to be beaten every day.

Mr. James Churchill presented a beet which, has attained a very good size, but in these days of big beets—when we see them chronicled weighing twenty pounds and upwards, we do not dare to brag much upon it. But it is a very good sized one, for all that.

Mr. C. also contributed two articles that are quite curiosities in their way, and will do to go with the carrot from Dr. Harlow, mentioned a week or two since. The first is a potato which has grown through, and completely filled an iron ring, attached to a bit of an old strap, and then grown together on the other side. The other a carrot, which has taken possession of a hole in an oyster shell. These are quite curious to look at, and may be seen at our office, as long as they may last.

MARYLAND ELECTION. The election in Maryland came off last week. A telegraphic despatch from Baltimore, dated Nov. 3, gives the following as the result:

The Democratic State ticket is elected; but the whigs have undoubtedly carried both branches of the Legislature, thus securing the State Treasurer and United States Senator. The Whigs gain four Senators and ten Delegates. The Congressmen elect are—John K. Franklin, Whig; Jacob Sharer, Dem.; Joshua Vanant, Dem.; Henry May, Whig; W. T. Hamilton, Dem.; A. R. Sellers, Whig.

In Baltimore city, the whole Maine law ticket is elected.

By a later despatch we have the following later advices:

Returns from all the counties in the State except Caroline, Somerset, Worcester and St. Mary's give the Ligon, Dem., 4,313 majority for Governor. Pierce in the same counties had 5,640. Ligon's majority in the State will be about 3,600. The Senate stands Whigs 14; Democrats 11. The House stands Whigs 30; Democrats 30—with thirteen to be heard from. In Baltimore the Maine Law Sheriff has 1600 majority; and the Maine Law Assembly ticket 1000.

COMING BACK. At the recent festival of the Sons of Maine in Boston, the following toast was given:

"The State of Maine—A good State to return to."

It was a good toast, and more than one has testified to the truth of it. The Bangor Mercury has the following article, which goes to show that farmers may do as well in Maine as any where else:

Ten years ago, a farmer in Aroostook, comfortably situated, took the Western fever, and taking \$200 with him, settled in one of the Western States. A few days since, he made his appearance in the town from which he had emigrated, with the remnant of his family, and applied for the remission of his property, to the purchase of a farm there. He had buried more than one half of his family in the West, and had now come back, he said, where life was easier and better.

PREMIUMS FOR MAINE. In the list of premiums of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, awarded at their seventh Exhibition, which was held in Boston in September, we notice the following for citizens of Maine:

To the Vassalboro Manufacturing Company for Black Cassimere. To C. A. & B. F. Wing, Winthrop, for boots. To Bates Manufacturing Company, Lewiston, for pantalon stuffs—also for checks. To Mrs. T. H. Marshall, Belfast, for framed tapestry work. To Mrs. W. French, Prospect, for embroidered skirt.

That will do, but we think Maine might have done a little better.

LAUNCH IN GARDNER. We learn from the Fountain, that on Monday of last week, a ship of about 700 tons was launched from the yard of Samuel Gragg. She is called the "Miss Mag," and is to be commanded by Capt. Joel Colburn. She hails from Boston, and is intended for the Galveston trade. She is said by those who know, to be the "prettiest and best craft ever launched on the Kennebec."

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. We are enabled this week to make the following additions:—South Kennebec—Nathan Foster, Gardiner. Cumberland—Samuel F. Parley, Naples. Somerset—Hiram C. Warren, Canaan.

LAW DECISIONS.

REPORTED FOR THE FARMER.

LINCOLN CO.—*FOULKE & al. versus LUDWIG.* The by-laws of a corporation required that transfers of shares in its capital stock should be "noted and subscribed in a book, kept for the purpose."

Held, that the sale of a stockholder's shares would not exonerate him from individual liability upon corporation debts, contracted prior to the time of noting and subscribing the sale upon the transfer book.

If negotiable paper be received for an existing debt, the presumption is that it was taken as a payment of the debt.

This presumption may be rebutted by proof of circumstances showing that it was not the creditor's intention to receive it as a payment.

Such a misapprehension, by a creditor, of his rights, as would repeat the presumption of payment, must be a misapprehension arising from a want of full knowledge, not of the law, but of the facts.

If the negotiable paper accepted is not binding upon the parties under previous liability, the presumption of payment may be considered as repelled.

But this rule, it seems, extends only to cases of an absolute liability, and not to the case of a liability which is merely contingent.

Of a negotiable order accepted by the creditor of a corporation for a previous debt, the presumption is, that it was taken as a payment, although it was drawn merely by the prudential officers of the corporation upon its own treasurer.

Shepley and Dana for plfs.; Gould for df.

LINCOLN CO.—*MOODY versus WHITNEY, KIMBALL and FARNSWORTH.* Trees, as soon as severed from the soil, become personal property.

So soon as trees are fallen and severed from the soil, a wrongful assumption of dominion over them, is a conversion.

A tortious taking is conversion. Where one, having tortiously cut and carried away trees from the land of another, sells a part of them to a person who has no knowledge of the wrong; the owner, even if he can maintain an action of trover against them jointly, will be entitled, in such action, to recover of the vendee only to the value of the part which he purchased.

Gould for plf.; Lowell for df.

DEDICATION.

The new Free Will Baptist Church, recently erected in this city, was dedicated on the 3d inst. The weather was very pleasant, and a large concourse of people assembled to witness the ceremonies, and take part in the worship on that occasion.

The following was the order of exercises:—

1. Anthem.

2. Invocation, by Rev. John Stevens, of Wayne.

3. Reading Select Scriptures by the Pastor.

4. Reading Hymn—805, Psalmody—by the Pastor.

5. Prayer, by Rev. J. Mariner, of Camden.

6. Reading Hymn—810, Psalmody—by Rev. E. T. Fogg, of Gardiner.

7. Sermon, by Rev. S. Curtis of Pittsfield, N. H.

8. Dedicationary Prayer, by Rev. E. Knowlton, of Montville.

9. Reading Dedicationary Hymn—815, Psalmody—by Rev. C. Bean, of Richmond.

10. Prayer, by Rev. S. Williams, of Starks.

11. Benediction, by Rev. B. L. Lombard, of Readfield.

INSTALLATION. On the evening of the 3d, the Rev. O. B. Cheney, formerly of Lebanon, in the State, was installed Pastor over the F. W. Society.

The following was the order of exercises:—

1. Anthem.

2. Reading Select Scriptures, by Rev. E. Knowlton, of Montville.

3. Reading Hymn—798, Psalmody—by Rev. William Smith, of Topsham.

4. Prayer, by Rev. D. Waterman, of Unity.

5. Reading Hymn—803, Psalmody—by Rev. E. Knowlton, of Montville.

6. Sermon, by Rev. Dexter Waterman, of Unity.

7. Consecrating Prayer, by Rev. J. Stevens, of Wayne.

8. Welcome and Charge, by Rev. Daniel Jackson, of Gardiner.

9. Address to the Church and Congregation, by Rev. S. Curtis, of Pittsfield, N. H.

10. Reading Hymn—799, Psalmody—by Rev. S. Curtis, of Pittsfield, N. H.

11. Benediction, by the Pastor.

APPOINTMENTS. Among the recent appointments of Collector Pease of Boston, which went into effect on the 1st inst., we notice the following: Isaiah Waterhouse, of Mass., and James B. Norris, of Maine. Mr. Waterhouse was recently from Newport, in Penobscot county, and Mr. Norris belongs in this city.

CITY AGENT. The Mayor and Board of Aldermen, have appointed Thomas Walesworth, City Agent for the sale of spirituous liquors, in place of Dillingham & Titcomb, declined.

DANCING. Those who wish to send their children to a master well qualified to teach the art of dancing, will find, by reference to our advertising columns, that Mr. Fales will soon open a school for that purpose.

THE LYCEUM. The Lyceum will open next week with a lecture on "The Lost Arts," by Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston. It will be given on Friday evening. Tickets may be found at the store of Edward Fenn.

FOR THE MAINE FARMER.

NORRIDGEWOCK FEMALE ACADEMY. This institution under the care of Miss R. B. Parsons, and Miss H. I. B. Dalton, closed last term with public exhibition, on the 24th ult. An examination of the pupils in the different branches to which they had attended during the term, was had the 21st, in the presence of the Trustees and Parents of the Institution. The answers and illustrations were prompt and satisfactory, showing commendable proficiency in the elementary principles. The original composition was in good taste, and creditable to the young authors. The public exhibition of original and selected pieces, with occasional music, was well conducted, executed in good style, and creditable alike to teachers and pupils. The valedictory, by a Miss of twelve summers, was appropriate to the occasion, prettily delivered, and in composition far beyond her years.

NORRIDGEWOCK.

CATAMOUNT. Mr. W. F. Chapman of Newmarket, shot in Lee, N. H., yesterday, a catamount weighing nearly 200 pounds, which is now considered so great a curiosity that it is advertised for exhibition. It is said that this is the only one killed in New Hampshire for a number of years, but we believe that Mr. Chapman, of Portsmouth, killed two, about a year ago, between the towns of Elliot and York. Some years ago they were abundant in the wilds of Maine and New Hampshire, and now, in a great while, the adventurous sportsman is in good luck, by a skillful shot, to find these animals, formerly so noted for its ferocity that its cry excited more dread in the heart of the traveller in New England forests than that of any other animal. [Herald, 3d.]

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Death of a Boy from Drinking Cherry Rum. The Worcester Transcript states that a few days since a boy of about fifteen years, having been turned out of a mill at East Brookfield, procured a bottle of cherry rum, and in company with another boy went into the woods and drank nearly the whole of it. One of the boys succeeded in getting home, but the other when found was insensible, and died at ten o'clock the next day.

The Sippewaug Savings Bank in New York. This excellent institution is in a very flourishing condition. The total amount of its deposits now in the bank has reached the surprising sum of \$23,000, and is continually increasing. It is said that the barefooted ragged urchins who compose a large proportion of the juvenile depositors, look forward to deposit days with great pleasure.

Bath Custom House. The Mirror says the foundation of the new Custom House is nearly completed. The building is to be of Edgcomb granite, hammered. It will be delivered in a rough state, and hammered on the ground. The building will be small but rather rich in its architecture.

Rich Silver Mines in North Carolina. The Raleigh, N. C. Star, states that a silver mine has been recently discovered in Stanley county, which is believed to be immensely rich. The vein is said to be three and a half feet wide, and has thousands of sheets and lumps of silver all through it. It is estimated that the ore is worth from \$150 to \$300 per every eight pounds.

Sudden Death. Mrs. Catherine Quinn, residing in the Coon's house, on York street, Portland, fell from her bed over the footboard on Tuesday night, 1st inst., producing an internal hemorrhage, which caused her death. Her husband who was sleeping in the room, did not know of the accident until nearly morning, when life was almost extinct.

An Interesting Fact. Some of the New York papers publish a statement that Emperor Faudin, of Hayti, is anxious for the introduction of religious books and papers into the island, and that he has given orders that henceforward no duty shall be charged upon Bibles, Testaments, or Protestant religious tracts or books, or other publications.

Fire. The extensive sawing and planing mills of Fisk & Norcross in Lawrence, Mass., were entirely destroyed by fire early Wednesday morning. Loss \$20,000; insured for \$10,000.

Fire in Ellsworth. The Ellsworth Herald states that the saw mill known as "Tisdale's Upper Gang," consisting of one single saw, box and lathe machine, has been destroyed by fire. Loss \$7,000. Insured for \$2500.

Drowned. Captain Robinson of Isleboro', of the schooner Regulator, was drowned in the Penobscot river at Bangor, on Monday evening. He leaves a family.

Fatal Accident. As Mr. Harvey Capron of Rockville, Ct., was standing a heavy box upon a cart, on Tuesday, it toppled with the starting of the cart and fell over on to him, crushing his head against the cart wheel and killing him instantly. He was about 40 years of age.

Thanksgiving. Thursday, November 24, has appointed for Thanksgiving in the following States—Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Alabama, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, The Toronto Colonist suggests that there should be a Thanksgiving in Canada. Thanksgiving in Maine is a week earlier, Nov. 17.

Improvements in the Capital. During the recess of Congress, the hall of the House of Representatives has undergone a complete and thorough renovation. The hall, committee rooms, &c., have been fitted up with great taste and elegance. Members of Congress are already beginning to arrive in Washington, the object of their early appearance being doubtless to secure comfortable quarters for the session.

Education in Texas. The Flag of the Union says: We have about 480 common schools in the state. These schools are in the charge of teachers, who are competent generally to bestow a knowledge of the initiatory branches of practical education. We have 21 high schools and colleges chartered by our Legislature, 18 female institutes, and 13 male. Nine of these are classical in their course, and consequently we are not dependent upon our enlightened sister states for the mental accomplishment of our youth.

Important Arrest. On the 31st ult., as we learn from the Cleveland (Ohio) Herald, officers Gallagher and Simmons, and several officers from abroad, arrested S. D. Baxter, at Franklin Mills, on charge of making and dealing in counterfeit money. In his house were found some \$13,000 of counterfeit bills on the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Indiana, the Unadilla, and other banks. The tens upon the State Bank of Ohio are excellent counterfeits.

A new reason for Bankruptcy. A curious and novel case was recently employed by a tailor before the bankruptcy court of Calcutta. He stated that his failure was caused by his heavy losses "during the casualties of the Afghan, Chinese, and Punjab wars."

Cure for Poisonous Bites. Alcoholic liquors are said to be a remedy for poisonous bites or stings, and are carried by all travellers on the western plains. Mr. S. T. Bailey of Mason, Ga., cured his slave boy of the bite of a cobrahead moccasin snake, by making him drink raw whiskey, and soak the wound with hartsorn.

A Beautiful Steamboat. On Tuesday, October 25, says the Oxford Democrat, Mr. Wm. Robinson, of Buckfield, launched from the North bank of the Androscoggin River, below Rumford falls, a flat bottomed steam boat, 83 feet long, 15 wide, suitable depth and of the most beautiful model. Owner, F. O. J. Smith—built to run from the Falls to Canton Point.

"Youthful Couple." On Thursday a marriage took place in Manchester, N. H., in which the parties were respectively seventy and sixty years of age. Immediately after the ceremony they started on a bridal tour.

Nat. Bad. A Cleveland lady recently sent to a bookseller for a copy of the "Baudities of Hood," and the waggish clerk returned her an engraving of a fashionable "Ragotte." The lady "knew" her browns, "colored," and declared herself scorned.

Horrible Affair. A man by the name of Tebb

The Muse.

THE MAIZE.

A New Corn Song.
BY W. F. FORDICE, OF NEW YORK.

"That precious seed into the furrow cast,
Barest in Spring-time, crown the harvest last."
(POMPEY CARVER.)

A song for the plant of my own native West,
Where nature and freedom reign,
By plenty still crowned, and by peace ever blest,
To the corn the green corn of pride!
In all the East has the olive been sung,
And the grapes been the theme of their lays,
But for the shad a harp of the backwoods be sung,
Thou bright, ever beautiful maize!

Afar in the forest the red cabins rise,
And send up their pillars of smoke,
And the tops of their columns are lost in the skies,
O'er the heads of the cloud-kissing oak—
Near the skirt of the grove, where the sturdy arm
swings

The axe, till the old giant ways,
And echo repeats every blow as it rings,
Shouts the green and the glorious maize!
There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the caps of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink tinted tears.

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown in the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the
plough
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The ploughman is cheered by the flash on the bough,
And the black bird doth follow his tread.

And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The deep lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill side
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize!

With spring time, and culture, in martial array,
It waves its green broad sword on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
Shouts the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the caps of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink tinted tears.

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown in the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the
plough
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The ploughman is cheered by the flash on the bough,
And the black bird doth follow his tread.

And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The deep lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill side
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize!

With spring time, and culture, in martial array,
It waves its green broad sword on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
Shouts the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the caps of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink tinted tears.

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown in the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the
plough
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The ploughman is cheered by the flash on the bough,
And the black bird doth follow his tread.

And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The deep lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill side
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize!

With spring time, and culture, in martial array,
It waves its green broad sword on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
Shouts the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the caps of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink tinted tears.

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown in the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the
plough
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The ploughman is cheered by the flash on the bough,
And the black bird doth follow his tread.

And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The deep lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill side
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize!

With spring time, and culture, in martial array,
It waves its green broad sword on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
Shouts the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the caps of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink tinted tears.

For the dew and the sun's yellow rays,
And brown in the pawpaw's shade-blossoming cup,
In the wood near the sun-loving maize!

When through the dark soil the bright steel of the
plough
Turns the mould from its unbroken bed,
The ploughman is cheered by the flash on the bough,
And the black bird doth follow his tread.

And idle, afar on the landscape descried,
The deep lowing kine slowly graze,
And nibbling the grass on the sunny hill side
Are the sheep, hedged away from the maize!

With spring time, and culture, in martial array,
It waves its green broad sword on high,
And fights with the gale, in a fluttering fray,
Shouts the green and the glorious maize!

There buds of the buckeye in spring are the first,
And the willow's gold hair then appears,
And snowy the caps of the dogwood that burst
By the red bud with pink tinted tears.

once paused to life a fallen one, or to aid a feeble
toller on the way of life. No generous prin-
ciple belonged to the code of ethics by which
he was governed. Benevolence he accounted a
weakness, and care for others' interests, the fol-
ly of a class, less to be commended than censured.
"Let every man mind his own business, and
every man take care of himself," he would
sometimes say. "Help yourself is the world's best
motto. This constant preaching up of bene-
volence and humanity only makes idlers and
dependants."

Edward J. fully acted out his principles.
And so, for future enjoyment, he had only laid
up wealth. In all his business life, there was
not a single green spot watered by the tears
of benevolence, or warmed by the sunshine of
gratitude, back to which thought could go, and
find delight in the remembrance. All was a
dull, dead blank of money-getting, the recollection
of which gave more pain than pleasure.

No wonder that the excitement of the re-
moval, and the interested state of mind attend-
ing upon the fitting up of a new home, the mind
of Edward J.—receded again to its state of
disquietude, or that the old shadows deepened
once more on his brow.

How broadly contrasted was the stately man-
sion he occupied with the humble cottage in
which his brother resided, and to which, in self-
weariness, he often repaired. Yet, so selfishly
did he love his own, that never an impulse of
generosity towards his brother stirred, even for
a moment, the dead surface of humanity's wa-
ters lying stagnant in his bosom. If he thought
of his humble circumstances at all, it was with
something of shame that he so nearly related
should occupy so low a position.

One morning, Edward called upon William
J., and with unusual animation said:
"I have just made a valuable discovery."

"Ah! What is it?" inquired his brother.
"You know the beautiful slope of land just
beyond my meadow?"

"Where Morgan lives?" said William.
"Yes. There are some ten acres, finely situ-
ated, exceedingly fertile, and in a high state of
cultivation."

"Well!" William looked, enquiringly, at
his brother.
"That piece of land belongs, unquestionably
to my estate."

"What!" The brother was startled at this
announcement; for he saw a purpose in Ed-
ward's mind to claim it as his own, if he could
prove that the right referred to did actually ex-
ist.

"That piece of ground is mine,"
"Why do you say so?"

"It originally belonged to the property I have
purchased."

"I know it did. But Morgan bought it from
the former owner, more than fifteen years ago."

"But never met his payments, and never got
a full title."

"How do you know that?"

"I have information from good authority
that the best I presume, in the country."

"From whom?"

"Aldridge. And he says he can recover it
for me."

"Did you purchase it, Edward?" asked Wil-
liam, looking steadily into the countenance
of his brother.

"I purchased Glenwood, and all the rights
and appurtenances thereto belonging, and this
I find to be, legally, a portion of the estate—
and a valuable one. It is mine—and it has been
one of my maxims in life always to claim my
own."

An indignant rebuke was on the tongue of
William J., but he repressed its utterance,
for estrangement, and consequent loss of influ-
ence, would have been the sure consequence.

"Before taking any step in this matter," he
said, "look very minutely into the history of the
transaction between Morgan and the previous
owner of Glenwood, the late Mr. Erskin. Mor-
gan was his gardener, and had laid Mr. Erskin
under a debt of gratitude, by saving the life of
an only son at the imminent risk of his own.

As some return, he offered him the cottage in
which he lived, and the ten acres of ground by
which it was surrounded, at a very moderate
valuation, Morgan to pay him a small sum agreed
upon, every year. The place was actually a
worth three or four times what Morgan was to
give for it. Mr. Erskin thought of transferring
it to him as a free-will offering, but he believed
the benefit would be really greater, if Morgan,
by industry, economy, and self-denial, earned
and saved sufficient to pay what was asked
for the property. At the end of a year the gar-
dener brought the money due as the first in-
stallment. Mr. Erskin felt a reluctance to take
it, and, after questioning him as to the product
of the farm, finally told him to expend the
money in an improvement designed by himself.

Sickness, and bad crops, during the next year,
prevented the payment of the second instalment.
The third and fourth years were more prosper-
ous. The only sums paid to Mr. Erskin were
received by him during these years."

"So I am informed," said Edward. "And I
learn, farther, that no transfer of the property
was ever made in due legal form. Mr. Erskin
died intestate."

"He did; and his son came by heirship into
possession of all his property."

"And he, dying a few years later, disposed of
the estate by will."

"Not naming Morgan's farm," said William,
"which he fully believed had been, during his
father's lifetime, properly transferred to the
present possessor."

"A very serious mistake, as Morgan will find,"
said Edward.

"You will not question his title to this prop-
erty, Edward?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

"What does he say?"

Aldridge might well be surprised.

"Yes. Write it out in due form; and let it
describe accurately the cottage and ten acres
now in his possession. How long will it take
you?"

"Not long. Half an hour, perhaps. But,
Mr. J., what does all this mean? Has
Morgan indemnified you?"

"No matter as to that, Mr. Aldridge. I
was the rather odd reply. 'The Quit Claim I wish
drawn. I will wait for it.'"

In a short time the paper was ready, attested
and witnessed. Throwing it into his pocket,
Mr. J. hurried from the presence of the
lawyer. His purpose was to go home. But,
now that sympathy for those he had made
wretched was awakened, he could not bear his
pressure upon his own feelings. The dwelling
of Morgan was at no great distance. Thither
his steps were directed. A light shone through
one of the windows. As he drew near, he saw,
moving slowly against the wall and ceiling of
the room, and to and fro, the shadow of a man.

Nearer still, and he could see all the inmates of
the room. By a table sat a woman in an atti-
tude of deep dejection; she had been weeping.
A boy stood beside her with his arm laying on
her neck, while a little girl sat on a low stool,
her face buried in her mother's lap. The whole
picture conveyed to the mind of Mr. J.—an
idea of extreme wretchedness, and touched him
deeply. A few moments only did he contem-
plate the scene.

How suddenly the tableau changed, when
Mr. J. entered, and briefly making known
his errand, presented to Morgan the Quit Claim
deed! What joy lit up every face; what grate-
ful good-will words; what blessings were
invoked for him and his!

In a tumult of pleasure, such as he had never
before experienced, Mr. J. hurried from the
presence of the overjoyed family, and took his
way homeward. How light were his footsteps!
With what a new sensation did he drink in the
pure evening air! How beautiful to him the
expanding lungs. How beautiful the moon look-
ed, smiling down upon him; and in the eyes of
every bright star was a sparkling approval of
his manly deed. Never in his whole life had he
done an act from which he derived so exquisite
a sense of pleasure. He had tasted angel's
food.

Calm was the sleep of Mr. J.—Ah! how
often he had tossed on his pillow until after
the midnight watches. Morning found him
with a new sense of enjoyment in life. He
could hardly understand its meaning. Dimly
he perceived the truth at first, but more clearly
as his brother's words came back to his re-
membrance. "There are few sources of pleas-
ure so lasting as the memory of a good deed."

This had sounded strange, almost repulsive to
his ears. Now it was perceived as a beautiful
truth. And so was this—"How much they
lose, who, having the power to do good, lack
the generous impulse."

"How much have I lost," he said to him-
self, with an involuntary sigh. "Here is a
new experience in life. I am wiser than I was
yesterday; and wiser, I trust, to some good
purpose."

And did this prove to be the case? Profited
this rich man by the discovery that sources of
happiness were within his reach undreamed
of before? He did; and yet how often came
the dark clouds of selfishness over his mind, ob-
scuring his nobler perceptions. But a good seed
was planted, and there was one in the village
of Glenwood, who loved him and mankind too
well to let the soil in which it was cast re-
main uncultured. From that little seed a plant
sprang up, growing in time to a goodly tree and
spreading its branches forth in the air of
humanity. Beneath its shadow, many, weary on
the rugged journey of life, found rest and shel-
ter.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Edward J., from a narrow minded, un-
happy self-seeker, became a man of generous
impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal
hand, and ever came back to him with a double
portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It
looked to him even more beautiful than it
looked to him when he sometimes wonder-
ed, at his first return, after long years of
absence, the old beauty had departed. But the
reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any
to him, when he contrasted his state of mind
with that existing, when, tired of his village
and the world, he came back to his native village,
seeking for rest, finding none, until he
sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to
his fellow-men.

Sabbath Reading.

O'ER THE HILL.

BY THE REV. RALPH HOTY.

One morning as he wended
Thro' a path bedight with flowers,
Where all delights were blended
To beguile the fleeting hours,
Sweet youth, pray turn the way,
Said a voice along the hill,
Ere all these roses wither,
And these fruit-fruits decay;

But the youth paused not to ponder
If the voice were good or ill,
For, said he, my home is yonder,
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

Again: high noon was glowing
On a wide and weedy plain,
And, there, right onward going,
Was the traveller again;
He seemed another being
Than the morning's rosy youth,
But I quickly knew him, seeing
His unaltered brow of truth;

Rest, stranger, rest till even,
Said a voice from the hill,
But he cried—my rest is heaven!
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

The shades of night were creeping
A sequestered valley o'er,
Where a dark, deep stream was sweeping
By a dim and silent shore;
And there the pilgrim, bending
With the burden of the day,
Was seen still onward wending,
Thro' a "straight and narrow way";

He passed a gloomy river,
As it were a gentle rill,
And halted—home forever,
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!

EXAMPLES FOR BOYS.

Some children in Philadelphia not long since
collected some money and made Governor Big-
ler a life member of the American Sunday
School Union, a certificate of which was sent to
him in a nice gilt frame. When Governor Big-
ler received it, he wrote a letter to the children,
in which he says, "I have been both a sabbath-
school scholar and a teacher." This lets us in-
to an important secret of his character. The
boy that was not ashamed to continue in the
Sunday school till he was old enough to be a
teacher, has now become Governor of the State.

But those young men who were hung in New
York, week before last, before they were twenty-
one years of age, never went to Sunday school,
but spent their Sabbaths in prowling about the
streets, seeking amusement and plunder. It is
a sad day for that youth when he begins to
feel that he is too old to go to Sunday school.

One is never too old to learn good things; and
the boy that gives himself to the study of God's
word, and yields his heart to it, will be sure to
make his mark if he lives to be a man.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that the most
opulent private banker of that city, began his
active life as a carrier of that paper. Of course
he was remarkable for the care, speed, and faith-
fulness with which he performed his work when
a boy, or he would have never been so success-
ful when a man. He was so well liked by the
subscribers of the paper, that on a New Year's
day he received three or four times as much as
any other carrier in the city. The foundation
of his present enormous fortune was made from
his small savings at that time.

Some poor boys think that they are very
meanly employed, because they have some
to do that are not so pleasant; and they
sigh for the pleasure of the rich man's son, who
walks about in his fine clothes, and never dirty
or hardens his hands with work. But in this
case, we see how infinitely faithfulness in an
humble condition is connected with prosperity
in future life. The news-carrier, who was care-
ful to please his customers, by the habits he
formed in that capacity, and the favors he
received in consequence, becomes the rich banker.

Mr. Ritter, a former Governor of Pennsyl-
vania, was once a poor boy, an apprentice to a
farmer. When his old master heard that he
was elected Governor, he said, "Yes, Joseph
was always a good boy."

When President Fillmore was a boy, he was
an apprentice to a clothier. When he got
through his apprenticeship he was employed by
his master as a journeyman. But after a while
he began to aspire to something higher, and left
the clothier's business and went to studying law.
But his master said he was very foolish to do
so, for he was the best journeyman in the shop.

In both these cases, we have the secret of
these men's future greatness: THEY WERE GOOD
BOYS, and good boys will make good men. It
matters very little how boys are employed; if
they are good boys and try to excel in whatever
they have to do, they will succeed in life and
become distinguished men.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.
Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was
married early in life, before he had attained
fortune or fame, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a
young Scotch lady, distinguished more for her
excellencies of her character than for her per-
sonal charms. After eight years of happy wed-
ded life, during which she became the mother
of three children, she died. A few days after
her death, the bereaved husband wrote to a
friend, depicting the character of his wife in
the following terms:

"I was guided in my choice only by the
blind affection of youth. I found an intelligent
companion and a tender friend, a prudent coun-
sellor, the most faithful of wives, and a mother
such as children had ever the misfortune to
lose. I met a woman who, by the tender
management of my weaknesses, gradually cor-
rected the most pernicious of them. She be-
came prudent from affection; and though of the
most generous nature, she was taught frugality
and economy by her love for me. During the
most critical period of my life, she preserved
order in my affairs, from the care of which she
relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from
dissipation; she urged my indolence to all the
exercises that have been useful and creditable
to me; and she was perpetually at hand to ad-
monish my heedless improvidence. To her I
owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be.
In her solicitude for my interests, she never
for a moment forgot my feelings or my character.
Even in her occasional resentment, for which I
was too often given her cause, (would to God I
could recall those moments!) she had no sullen-
ness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and
tender, and her voice was pleasant, tender and
impassioned. Such was she whom I lost, and I
have lost her when her excellent natural sense
was rapidly improving after eight years of strug-
gle and distress had bound us fast together, and
would our tempers to each other; when a
knowledge of her worth had refined my youth-
ful love into friendship, and before age had de-
prived it of its original ardor. I lost her also!
the choice of my youth, the partner of my mis-
fortunes, at